

Imprimatur,

*Antho. Sanders, Reverendissimo
in Christo Patri & Domino
Domino Gilberto Archi-Episc.
Cant. à Sacris Domesticis.*

*Julii 2. Ex Aedibus
Lambethanis.*

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The Right Way to
VICTORY:
Discovered in a
SERMON,

Preached at *Guild-hall* Chappel before
the Lord Mayor of *London*, June 22. 1673.

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of *Hambleton* in the County of *Bucks*, and
Chaplain in Ordinary to his Sacred Majesty.

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L O N D O N,

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TO
The Right Honourable
S^r. ROBERT HANSON, K^t.
Lord Mayor of the City of
L O N D O N.

My Lord,

TIS from the *undeserved* Mercy of our God, and the *tender care* of our Sovereign and *his anointed*, that we now see, to the great *satisfaction* of our *Friends* and the *terror* of our *Enemies*, the great City of *England*, lately *consumed* with *flames* and *entombed* in its own *Asbes*; not only *raised* again, but *advanced* to that high degree of *Splendor* and *Magnificence*, that now it much exceeds its *Self*, and perhaps all *other Cities* of the *World* besides. 'Tis well known, as well to our *Adversaries* as to our *Allies*, that *London* is, not only the *Metropolis* of *Eng-*
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land, but its *strength*, *treasury*, and *glory* too. Such is the number of its *Inhabitants* ; such is the *stateliness* of its *structures* ; such is the *wealth* of its *Merchants*, *Companies*, and *Chamber* ; that we may easily conclude, that, *One London* is more concerned in the *success* of the present *War*, than *all* our *Cities* besides.

The quarrel, betwixt us and our neighbours beyond the Sea, is of *grand* importance ; the *Dispute* is, Whether the *New States* of *Holland* shall brave it over the *Antient Kings* of *England* ? whether *Rebels* shall *Lord* it over *Sovereigns* ? whether the *Texel* shall rule the *Ocean* ? or, that which is all one, whether *Amsterdam* shall give *check* to *London*, and *Law* to the *World* ? My *Lord*, the matter now referred to the *decision* of the *sword*, being of so great *Moment* ; every *Englishman*, every *Magistrate*, every *Corporation*, but especially *that* of *London*, stands obliged to do, whatever may be done, for the just *honour* of our *Prince*, the *security* of our *Trade*, and the *establishment* of our *Church* and *Nation*.

I do not doubt, but your *Lordships Mace*, when occasion is offered, will be employed to defend his *Majesties Crown* ; I do not question, but your *Lordships Sword*, when matters
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so require, will be readily drawn to protect his *Majesties Scepter* ; there's no *good Christian*, but is a *good subject* too ; and there's no *good subject* , but will sacrifice his *Honour* , his *Power*, his *Estate*, his *Blood*, his *Life*, in the just *vindication* of his *Sovereign*. But yet, there is something more than all this, that must be done ; our holy *God*, that is so justly displeased with our *Nation*, must be *reconciled* ; *Religion*, that is so much decayed, must be *repaired* ; *sin*, that is grown so bold and daring, must be *suppressed* ; and amongst the many *detestable vices* of this age, there is none, that ruins us more, than *drunkenness* and *whoredome* ; the *abuse* of *good wine*, and the *use* of *bad women*. And could we but once see a restraint laid on *sin* ; could we but once see every *accursed* thing removed from our *Cities*, our *Camp*, and our *Court*, we might then hope, that our *God* would either *bless* us with *peace*, or prosper us in *war*.

And this is the only design of this *discourse* ; a design, which your *Lordship* was pleased so far to approve, as to *invite* me to make it *Publick*. And since, through your *Lordships* encouragement, the *Press* hath sent that abroad into the world, which was designed for
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the *Pulpit* only, as I humbly beg your *Lordships* kind *Patronage*, so do I earnestly crave the *Readers* serious *consideration*; with this assurance, that if the *matter* of this seasonable discourse be *duely weighed*, and the *Rules* delivered therein be *conscientiously practised*, this *poor Paper-Pellet* will conduce more towards the gaining of a glorious *Victory*, than all our *Musket* and *Canon* shot. With my Prayer to Almighty God, that he would so bleſs your *Lordships* Government, that the *Inhabitants* of your *City* may be preserved from *Sword* and *Pestilence*, and its sumptuous *Buildings* from further *Flames*, I am

Your Lordships Friend

and Servant,

Francis Gregory.



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DEUT. 23. 9.

When the Host goeth forth against thine enemies, then keep thee from every wicked thing.

THat a *constant* and *uniform* obedience is due to the great God of heaven, at *all times* and in *all conditions* whatsoever, 'tis beyond dispute; and that man is *universally* obliged at *all seasons*, and in *all cases* imaginable, to abstain from sin, there's none can doubt, except it be some *stupid soul*, that is insensible what *Hell* doth mean, or *Heaven* is worth. But although such an uninterrupted *course* of obedience be indeed a thing, which *God* doth ever require, and *man* must *always* yield, yet there are such and such *conjunctions* and *nicks* of time, wherein we are engaged, not only by *Gods* *Perpetual* and *general* laws, but by *his* *particular* *Providences* and our *own* *private* *concerns*, to practise *Holiness*, and cease from *sin*.

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In *serene* and *Halcyon* dayes, when *God smiles* upon our Nation, methinks were there not *command* to require it, yet our own *ingenuity*, *gratitude*, and the great *Gentleness* of *Christianity* should constrain us, when we abound with mercies, to love and serve that good *God*, which giveth them. And when our Nation *groans* under the just *displeasure* of Heaven, when the great *God thunders* just over our heads in black and dreadful *clouds*, had we no Engagement besides, yet methinks our *present fears* and apprehensions of imminent *dangers* should oblige us, in the midst of *judgments*, to avoid and detest those *sins* which bring them.

That's our *case* and our great *Concern* this day; there is a *war* commenced, and the *sword* is drawn: and that this *war* may prove *successful*; that this *sword* may enter where it should; that our *armies* and *navies* may prove *victorious*; what must be done, that great *Moses*; who had the *conduct* of *Gods* own *armies*, and was a *warriour* as well as a *Prophet*, doth thus inform us--*when the Host goeth forth against thine enemies, then keep thee from every wicked thing.*

The words are *familiar* and *ease*, and so need no *exposition*: there are *two* things considerable in them;

1. *Gods* severe and strict *Command*--*Keep thee from every wicked thing*--thats our duty--נִשְׁמַרְתָּ saith the Hebrew---φυλάξε saith the LXX--*Caveto*--saith the--*Arabick*--take heed--beware, and that מְכֹל of every wicked thing.
2. *Mans* Particular *season*, wherein this great *Command* must, in an especial manner, be obeyed; and *when* is that--*when the Host goeth*

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eth forth against thine enemies : then , keep thee from every wicked thing ; if ever ye will do it, do it then.

The substance of the text, and the sum of our discourse will lie in this short conclusion ; namely, That a Nation, engaged in War, is, upon that very account, the more obliged to abstain from every sin, but much more from foul ones. Most certain it is, there is nothing to be named in all the world, that doth render a people so unfit for War, as sin ; see why in seven particulars.

1. Sin doth much impoverish that Nation, where it reigns : Doubtless, the poorer a Nation is, 'tis the more unfit to prepare for War ; a good bank, a rich treasure is well stiled *νευθεν οὐ πολίμω*, the nerves of War. 'Tis an old rule *Ἀργυρείαις λόγχοισι μάχεσθαι*, fight with silver as well as steel ; there must be supplies of money as well as men.

But as for sin and vice, like a Thief, it picks the subjects purse, and who shall fill the Kings Exchequer then ? That any person or Nation should be highly debauched, and yet grow rich, 'tis seldom seen : See what Moses tells such a sinner, Cursed shall be thy basket and thy store ; Certainly, where the moth frets, the garment must decay ; If there be a worm at the root, the Prophets gourd must wither : So here ; if the curse of God attend the sinners estate, 'tis not strange, that it melt away. Deut. 28. 17.

But the truth is, there needs no curse to make the sinner poor ; he doth it fast enough himself. So the adulterer--by means of a whorish woman is a man brought to a morsel of bread. Thus drunkards and gluttons too, the glutton and the drunkard shall come to poverty ; but what wonder's that ?--Pro. 6. 26.

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duunt Patrimonia mensa--saith *Juvenal*, they devour an estate at a meal; They empty their bags into bottles, their *Coffers* into *Hogsheads*; they exchange estates with the *Vintner*, they buy his wine, and he their land. Thus do men, like *Cleopatra*, drink down *Pearls* and *Jewels*; they swallow down their *Camels*; nay, they throw down *Lordships* and *Mannours*, and so become *drunkards* first, and *beggars* next.

1 Cor, 11. 30.

2. Sin doth much deltrow the strength of that Nation wherein it reigns; it impairs the health, and takes away the lives of men. Thus *St. Paul*, For this cause many are sick and weak, and many also sleep.

2 Cor, 2. 5. 8.

Certainly, the more populous and strong a Nation is,, the more fit it is to fight, *Pugnare Thracum est*, saith *Horace*; the *Thracians*, that sturdy Nation, are fit for War. 'Tis good Counsel--Be strong for battel--where numbers are great, where souldiers are vigorous, the victory, in ordinary Providence, seems so much the surer. God indeed can fight and conquer with the weakest Armies; God could fight and beat Proud *Pharaoh* with squadrons of lice, but man must fight with *Lions*; God could conquer with souldiers too weak for *Domitians* bodkin, even pittifull flies; yea, but the *Romans* could not do it without their *Eagles*. Methinks, that General should despair of conquest, that should lead an Army of such impotent and crazy Persons, that were more fit for a crutch, than a sword, for a couch, than a field.

And this is that sorry plight, into which *Debauchery* brings a Nation; 'tis but sad to consider, what numbers of persons are this day under the *Physitian* and *Chyrurgion*, that might have been under the *General*; Men, that have made themselves fit only for an *Hospital*, that might have been fit for a *Navy*. Tell me,

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me, Sirs, are the *wounds* of *Venus* become more *Honourable* than those of *Mars*? is it more *gentile* to *linger* or *die* of the *Frenchmans* *disease*, than run the *hazard* of the *Dutchman's* sword; is it indeed more *noble*, by *debauchery* and *vice* *Cowardly*, to *retire* into *our own graves*, than by *virtue* and *Courage* to *force* our enemies into *theirs*?

Sure I am, if we would beat our *open adversaries*, how *strong* soever, we must first subdue our *Private lusts*, which make us weak. Thus *Moses*, *Keep my* Deut. 11. 8. *Commandments*, *that ye may be strong*; our strength lieth in our *Religion*, *Chastity*, and *Sobriety*. I dare affirm, to *spare* the *Dutchmans* *Brandee* is the surest Course to *spill* his *blood*; but if not, if we beat them, at their *sin*, we shall scarce *beat* them at their *weapon* too; if we *beat* them at the *wine*, we shall find it the harder to beat them on the *water* too. 'Tis an everlasting truth, where *vice* and *debauchery* reigns, it layeth such vast *multitudes* in their *Beds* and such *numbers* in their *graves*, that the poor Nation, as with the loss of so many *limbs*, so much *bloud* and *spirits* groweth *faint* and *weak*, and so becomes less fit for *War*.

3. Sin doth much *abate* and *sink* the *courage* of that Nation, where it reigns. There is no *Accomplishment*, that doth more *adorn* a *souldier*, and *promise* *victory*, than an *undaunted* *courage*, *Prowess*, and *Gallantry* of *soul*. This was the *main* thing required by *God* himself in the *General* of his own *Army*--*Only be thou strong and very courageous*; but who is JOSH. 1. 7. this man of *metal*? *Solomon* telleth us--*The righteous* Pro. 28. 1. *is bold as a Lion*--but whats the *sinner* then? the same verse informs us--*the wicked fly, when no man pursueth*--stout souldiers indeed! Persons exceeding

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fit for War ! but who can *blame* them ? is it strange, that that person should be a *coward*, who all along hath been a *sinner* ! is it a wonder, that any *considering* Person dares not *fight*, who knows himself in a condition unfit to *die* ? alas ! *Conscience* tells him, if he be *slain* this moment, he is like to be *damm'd* the next ; if the sword send him into his *grave*, 'tis like to send him into *Hell* too——.

Certain it is, there's none so fit to war with *man*, as he, that is at peace with *God*. I read, that when *Pope Urbane* the second sent an Army to the *Holy land*, that he might *raise* their *spirits* by excluding all *fear* of *death* and *Hell*, he promised every man of them a *full Pardon* of all their *sins*, the *guilt* whereof might otherwise have dogged them, and justly made them *cowards*. Such a *Politician* was the crafty *Pope* ; and so is the *Turk* too, who *encourageth* his souldiers to the most *dangerous attempts*, not so much with *present pay*, as with *certain promises* of *future happiness* in another world.

And doubtless, there's nothing in all the world, that can raise a mans *courage* like to this ; *pardon* of *sin*, *assurance* of *glory*, removes all *jealousies* and quickens the *spirit* ; *innocence* of *life*, freedom from *guilt*, like *silver* and *polished* armour it *adorns* and *secures* too. Methinks, that Person who hath *foyled* the *Devil*, need *fear* no *man* : he that is sure of *Heaven*, need *fear* no *danger*, that *earth* can *threaten* ; if the enemy *kill* him, he doth but so much the sooner *crown* him ; if he *die* a *souldier*, he shall the quicker *live* a *saint*.

But alas ! such *encouragements* as these, which may justly *prevent* all *fears* and *create* a *valour*, the *sinner* wants ; and if so, there is a *necessity* that he remain

remain a coward, except perhaps he prove a desperate Atheist; except perhaps he can arrive to that high pitch of modern Gallantry, that he dares, in the service of his Country, as well as in the quarrels of a Mistress, not only die, but be damned too. Sure we are, the guilt of sin, the fear of death, the dread of Hell, cannot chuse, in all considering Persons, but abate and cool that courage, which is required to make a Nation fit for War.

4. Sin doth sadly defeat all the Policy and wisest Counsels of that Nation, where it reigns.

Tacitus, that great Statesman, tells us *Inconsulti Impetus languescunt*-force without counsel comes to nothing. Another thus, *Plura Consiliis quàm telis geruntur*. There's more done by a Politick head, than an armed hand. That provision, mentioned, by the Prophet, is but necessary--*I have counsel* Isa. 36. 5. *and strength for War--counsel to advise, strength to execute*; what more can be desired? What less can serve?

That's our case; we have the Buff coat and the Gown; the sword-man and the statesman; an Army abroad and Councils at home, the great Council of the Nation, the Privy Council of the King, the common Council of the City, yea and Councils of War too. But were every member of these Councils another Solon, another Achitophel, another Solomon, an Oracle, yet what would all their contrivances come too, if the alwise-God be provoked by sin to blast them? 'Tis that severe judgement, which God hath threatned over and over against a wicked Nation--*I will destroy the Counsel thereof--and so again--* Isa. 19. 3. *I will make void the Counsel of Judah--and what's the* Jer. 19. 7. *issue? the very next words tell us--I will cause*
them

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them to fall before their enemy--I remember what *Horace* hath long since told us--*Quos vult perdere Jupiter, dementat prius*--if God infatuate, 'tis a sad sign, he intends to ruine; when once the brains be out, the life quickly followeth.

5. Sin doth strangely obstruct and frustrate the Prayers of that Nation, where it reigns.

So useful is prayer in a time of War, that even *Julian the Apostate*, and other *heathens*, would never fight till they had first invoked their Gods. 'Tis observed of *Judas Macchabeus*, that, till he had prayed, he never fought any battel but one, and in that one he was slain. What blessed effects prayer hath produced in War, *Historians* do inform us. *Eusebius* tells us, that in *Aurelius* his Army there was one legion stiled by the Emperor himself--*λεγεὼν Κεκοινοβόλου*, the *Thundering legion*--a Legion of Christians, who in a great want of water, obtained by their Prayer a sudden shower of rain to refresh the Roman army, and a storm of Thunder to confound their enemies.

Exod. 17. 11.

The Scriptures tell us--when *Moses* held up his hand, *Israel* prevailed--the hand of *Moses* had no weapon, yet it conquered. I remember that expression of a learned man--*plūs ad victoriam valent piorum preces, quàm Militum arma*--A Religious person, who strikes no blow, who layeth no siege, except it be to Heaven, may gain the Conquest in his Closet; and although the Christian souldier must sometimes use his hands; yet best he fights, and doth most good upon his knees.

Doubtless, to fast and pray, in a time of War, doth well; but if we pray now, and blaspheme anon; if we fast one day, and surfeit the next; if we seem religious in the Church, and then prove wanton in the Chamber;

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Chamber? what then? *When ye make many prayers, I will not hear; no, our sweetest Incense will be unsavoury; & the very best of our breath will but stink with God.* Isa. 1. 15.

I find, that when *vice* groweth bold and daring; when a Nation groweth highly wicked, God doth sometimes forbid his servants to *interpose* on their behalf--*Pray not thou for this people--* 'Tis a dreadful command, but there's reason for it; the *Incorrigible sinner* is a declared enemy to God; and if so, is it fit to Jer. 7. 16. pray, that God should prosper his designs? Our *foul offenders* are known to be *Traytors* against the *Majesty of Heaven*; and if so, is it *handsome* to pray, that God should crown and bless them? no, 'tis our great concern this day to lament with tears, and cast off with detestation, our grievous crimes, and reform our debauched lives; for if not, 'tis ten to one but our prayers for *success* and *Victory* may be thought too bold, and prove too vain.

6. Sin doth infallibly rob that Nation, where it reigns, of its strongest allies and best assistants.

That great allies and powerful assistants are of singular use in War, experience sheweth us; for, why else do all nations use them? And that their are no allies like God and his Angels, there's none, but an Atheist, doubts; but here's the misery, a vicious nation can neither gain nor keep them.

I remember what God himself told Joshua, his own commander in chief--*as I was with Moses, so will I be with thee--* what an encouraging Promise is here; but is it absolute, or conditional? doth God oblige himself to be with Joshua's Army, however they live, and whatever they do? no; see how quickly the language of God is altered--*I will not be with you any more--* no? Josh. 1. 5. what's the matter?--*I will not be with you any more,* Josh. 7. 12.

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except ye destroy the accursed thing--That's our business; here is our interest; if there be such and such accursed things amongst us, they must be removed, they must be quite destroyed; or else we cannot reasonably expect, that God should help us.

'Tis true, we have already such and such *allies*, and great ones too; and that we have such and *assistance*; such and such *Men of War* besides our *own*, we must *bless* our *God* and *thank* our *King*. But yet notwithstanding, how numerous soever our *Auxiliaries* and *Navies* are, there is *one Man of War* yet more, that must be engaged too; and who that is *Moses* tells us--*The Lord is a Man of War*--let's but *secure* to our selves *this Man of War*, and we *secure* the *conquest* too.

Exod. 15. 3.

Sure we are, our *other allies*, how strong soever, are nothing to *this*; what's an *earthly Monarch* to the great *God of Heaven*? What's the *Commander* of some *few Squadrons* to the great *Lord of Hosts*? What's a *Prince*, that can lend us but an *handful* of *men*, to that *God*, who can lend us *thousands* of mighty *Angels*? What's a *Neighbour*, that can lend us *Ships* and *Canons*, to that *God* who can lend us *Thunder* and *Lightning*, *Storms* and *Tempests*? if once this *God* become one of our *Auxiliaries*, well may the *Motto* of *Venice* become the *Motto* of *England* too--*Nec flatu, nec fluctu Movear*--neither *winds* nor *waves* can shake us; There's nothing can *wrong* us, but our *selves*; nothing can *beat* us, but our *vice*; nothing can *fire* our *Ships*, but our *burning lust*; nothing can rob us of our *God's assistance*, but that, which robs us of his *Image* too, and that's our *sin*. Yet once more,

7. *Sin, debauchery, and vice*, will infallibly make the great *God*, and with him his holy *Angels*,
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the *Sun*, the *Moon*, the *Starrs*, even the *whole creation*, to become *enemies* to that unhappy Nation, where it reigns.

Thus the Prophet--*behold, I am against you, saith* Isa. 13. 8.
the Lord--O dreadful word! if God be against us, Lam. 2. 5.
who can be for us? The Lord was an enemy--who then can or dares be a friend? If once it come to this: that God proves an enemy, the whole universe will be so too. Thus *Claudian*--*Militat æther & conjurati veniunt in classica venti*--and thus a better author too--*the stars* Judg. 5. 20.
in their courses fought against Sisera. For, if we believe, that God certainly is, what Luther terms him, *Reſtor mundi*--the Governor of the World--we must believe, that all creatures whatsoever are, as *Pineda* words it--*ſub Dei vexillo*--under Gods own banner, and do us good or harm, according as he commands them.

I will not say, what some are apt to fear, that God is become an enemy to England; no, although vice doth strangely reign, yet God hath still amongst us a considerable number of Religious and Pious servants, whom he dearly loves, and for whose sake the Church and Kingdom stands. But as to the Nation in general, God hath given us very ſhrewd signs to suspect, that he doth not like our doings. When we consider the crimes, the many, the brutish, the devilish crimes, that are committed without controll and that not by the rascality of ill bred people, but the better sort of men, whose actions do become examples and rules to inferior persons; we must acknowledge, that our holy God might justly cast us off for ever. And when we consider the sore, the many, the tremendous Judgements, judgements almost beyond example, that we have felt, and yet grow worse and worse, we have cause enough to be jealous, that God is at least

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still *displeased* and angry with us. The late *mercies*, which this Nation hath received, were beyond, not our *deserts* alone, but our very *expectations* too; tell me; was it not beyond our *hopes*, that, in spite of all *opposers*, God should, in a *miraculous manner*, restore the *King* to his *Throne*, the *Bishop* to his *Chair*, the *Nobleman* to his *Honour*, the *Parliament* to its *Privileges*, and every *English man* to his *right*, without *one blow*, without *one drop of blood*?

But consider, what *grateful acknowledgements* hath this Nation made to *God* for *this*; and the *consequences* of this, many *other signal mercies*? Alas! Such an *unkind return* have we made to *Heaven*, that we may now say--*Quantum mutatus*: O how is *Gods* countenance changed! how strangely is it altered; his *gracious smiles* are now turned into such *dreadful frowns*, as if he meant to *bury* us in the *wrinkles* of his *brow*; we, that, through his *favour*, were lately *surprised* with *mercies* beyond our *hopes*, have now, through his *wrath* and our *own follies*, been *surprised* with *Judgments*, even *beyond our fears*.

For, tell me, what man could have imagined, that our *late Plague*, begun in *one single family*, should in a *few weeks* time, so spread it self, as to make so vast a *City* to become but *one greater Pesthouse*? that there should be such a *strange Mortality*, so many *Deaths* and *Burials* in every corner, that every *Church* might have changed its *old name*, and every *Parish* been justly stiled a *St. Sepulchres*.

Again, what man could have dreamed, that--*casus in urbe frequens*--an *ordinary fire*, begun in *one little corner*, should in *four dayes* time, in despite of all that man could do, have *reached* and *consumed* so many *thousand buildings*, the *houses* of *men*, and the
Temples

Temples of God too. But to come neerer the business of the Text :

What man could have thought, that our *neer neighbours* beyond the Sea, who were once the *Poor distressed States*, should ever have grown to that height, either of *impudence* to affront, or *strength* to withstand the *King of England*? who would have thought, that our *old Petitioners* should have ever become our *new Controllers*? that they, who were not able to secure to themselves a *small spot* of *Land*, should now claim the *vast dominion* of the *Seas*, and the *main trade* of the *world*? Sure I am, as it was the *kindness* or perhaps the *imprudence* of *England*, that once made them *great*, so it is the *sin* of *England*, that now makes them *troublesome*. When they were but in the *egg*, it was our *kind warmth* that hatched them; and although they are now grown up to be *vipers*, yet if our own *sins* created it not, they will never find a *sting* to wound us.

If it be true, as some affirm, that our *enemies wickedness* is full as *great* as our *own*, yet that consideration will not much *relieve* us; *Their Vices* are not our *Vertues*; nor will *their Poyson* prove our *Cordial*. What if *God* should use the *Dutchman* as he doth the *Turk*, who is *flagellum Dei* the *scourge* of *God*; that Rod, which the *deus* of *Heaven* keep *fresh* and *green* and *flourishing*, that it may *last* the *longer*, and *last* the *sooner* too? What if *God* make *England* and *Holland*, being *Nations* which *mercies* cannot win, nor *judgments* scare, so to *weaken* one another, that a *third* shall *over-run* them both? This is that, which we have *some cause* to *fear*, and *many obligations* to *prevent*; and surely, the way, the *only ready way* to do it, is, to *obey* this great

The Right way to Victory.

command in my Text--*When thine Host goeth forth against thine enemies, then keep thee from every wicked thing--* Methinks, in a time of War, men, and men deeply concerned in the success too, should not so highly sin, and so provoke the great Lord of Hosts; Methinks, if we consider, that War is a solemn and serious thing, we should forbear even our innocent sports, much more our Hellish Crimes. 'Tis not for prudent Christians to act like the silly fish, that are observed to play most and grow even wanton, when the storm is rising.

I am confident, it would even break our Hearts, and well it might, to see our Armies miscarry; to see our Ships burned with fire, or drowned in water; to see a few broken Vessels return laden with nothing else but poor wounded men, clothed with shame and rolled in blood; if such a spectacle would not please you, prevent it by your prayers, your tears, your virtuous lives, which are things, more likely then guns and swords, to gain the Conquest.

I need not mind you, that the matters in dispute and danger are of huge concern! we do not fight for toys and trifles! no; the things contended for are the King and the Subject, the State and the Church; the Crown and the Altire; Whatever it is that three kingdoms are worth, doth now lie at stake. Tell me then, shall we be such desperate fools, as to hazard all this for such or such a beloved sin? Shall we be such brutes, as to lose all this, and our souls to boot, for such or such a cursed lust? O remember what the Great God commands us, and that in order to success and Victory--*Keep thy self from every wicked thing--* Certainly, 'tis a wicked thing to be drunk; 'tis a wicked thing to blaspheme the name of

of God; 'tis a wicked thing to be *unclean* and *wanton*; 'tis a wicked thing to *scoff* at Religion, and to *droll* at any man or any thing, that is *Holy*; all this, and whatever else is *wicked*, we must resolve either to *quit*, or else to *hazard* all.

If the Pope think it his concern to send into the field, as the Roman Pontifical words it--*Vexillum sanctificatum, Ensem benedictum*--an hallowed banner, a consecrated sword--Methinks we should think our selves obliged to provide against our enemies, though not *superstitious weapons*; yet not *Prophane warriors* neither; for, 'tis not the *strong*, but the *clean hand*, that best *wields* the sword; nor is it the *stout*, but the *Pure Heart*, that's most like to get the *victory*. 'Tis Religion, that *engageth Heaven* and *defends earth*; 'Tis *this*, that *establisheth Thrones* and *Scepters*; 'tis *this*, that doth *advance* the *Noblemans* honour, and makes his *star* shine so much the *brighter*; 'tis *this*, that makes a Nation *beloved of God*, and *feared of men* ἐν τούτῳ νικίσμεν. 'Tis Religion and *Vertue*, that must *beat* our *enemies* and get us *Triumphs*; 'tis *this*, and nothing but this, that will give us, through the *assistance* and *mercy* of our *God*, a *victorious* and happy *kingdom* here on *earth*, and an *eternal* one in *Heaven*.

Δόξα Θεῷ.